To see vs heere vnarmd. I haue a womans longing,
An appetite that I am sick with-all,
To see great *Hector* in his weeds of peace,
To talke with him, and to behold his visage,
Euen to my full of view. A labour sau'd.

Enter Thersites.

Therſi. A wonder. *Achil.* What?

Therſi. *Aiax* goes vp and downe the field asking for himselfe. *Achil.* How so?

Therſi. He must fight singly to morrow with *Hector*, and is so prophetically proud of an heroycall cudgeling, that he raues in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Therſi. Why a stalkes vp and downe like a peacock, a stride and a stand: ruminates like an hostisse, that hath no Arithmatique but her braine to set downe her reckoning: bites his lip with a politique regarde, as who should say there were witte in this head and twoo'd out: and so there is. But it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking, the mans vndone for euer, for if *Hector* breake not his neck ith' combate, hee'le breakt himselfe in vaine glory. Hee knowes not mee. I sayd good morrow *Aiax*: And hee replyes thankes *Agamemnon*. What thinke you of this man that takes mee for the Generall? Hees growne a very land-fish languageless, a monster, a plague of opinion, a man may weare it on both sides like a lether Ierkin.

Achil. Thou must be my Ambassador *Therſites*.

Therſi. Who I: why heele answer no body: hee professes not answering, speaking is for beggers: he wearés his tongue in's armes. I will put on his presence, let *Patroclus* make demands to me. You shall see the pageant of *Aiax*.

Achil. To him *Patroclus*, tell him I humbly desire the valiant *Aiax*, to inuite the valorous *Hector* to come vnarm'd to my tent, and to procure safe-conduct for his person, of the magnanimous and most illustrious, sixe or seauen times honour'd Captaine Generall of the armie. *Agamemnon*, do this.

Patro. Ioue b'esse great
Patr. I come from the
Therſ. Ha?
Patr. Who most humb
Therſ. Hum?
Patr. And to procure
Therſ. *Agamemnon*?
Patr. I my Lord.
Patr. What say you too
Therſ. God buy you wi
Patr. Your answer sir.
Therſ. If to morrow be
it will goe one way or oth
ere hee ha's me. *Patr*
Therſ. Fare yee well wi
Achil. Why, but he is n
Therſ. No: but out of
him, when *Hector* ha's kno
But I am sure none, vnlesse
to make Catlings on.
Achil. Come, thou shalt
Therſ. Let mee beare a
more capable creature.
Achil. My minde is tro
And I my selfe see not the
Therſ. Would the foun
againe, that I might water
in a sheepe, then such a val
Enter at one doore Æne
Antemor, Diomed
Paris. See ho? who is t
Deiph. It is the Lord *A*
Æne. Is the Prince the
Had I so good occasion to
As your prince *Paris*, nothi
Should rob my bed mate o
Dio. That's my minde
Paris. A valiant Greeke